

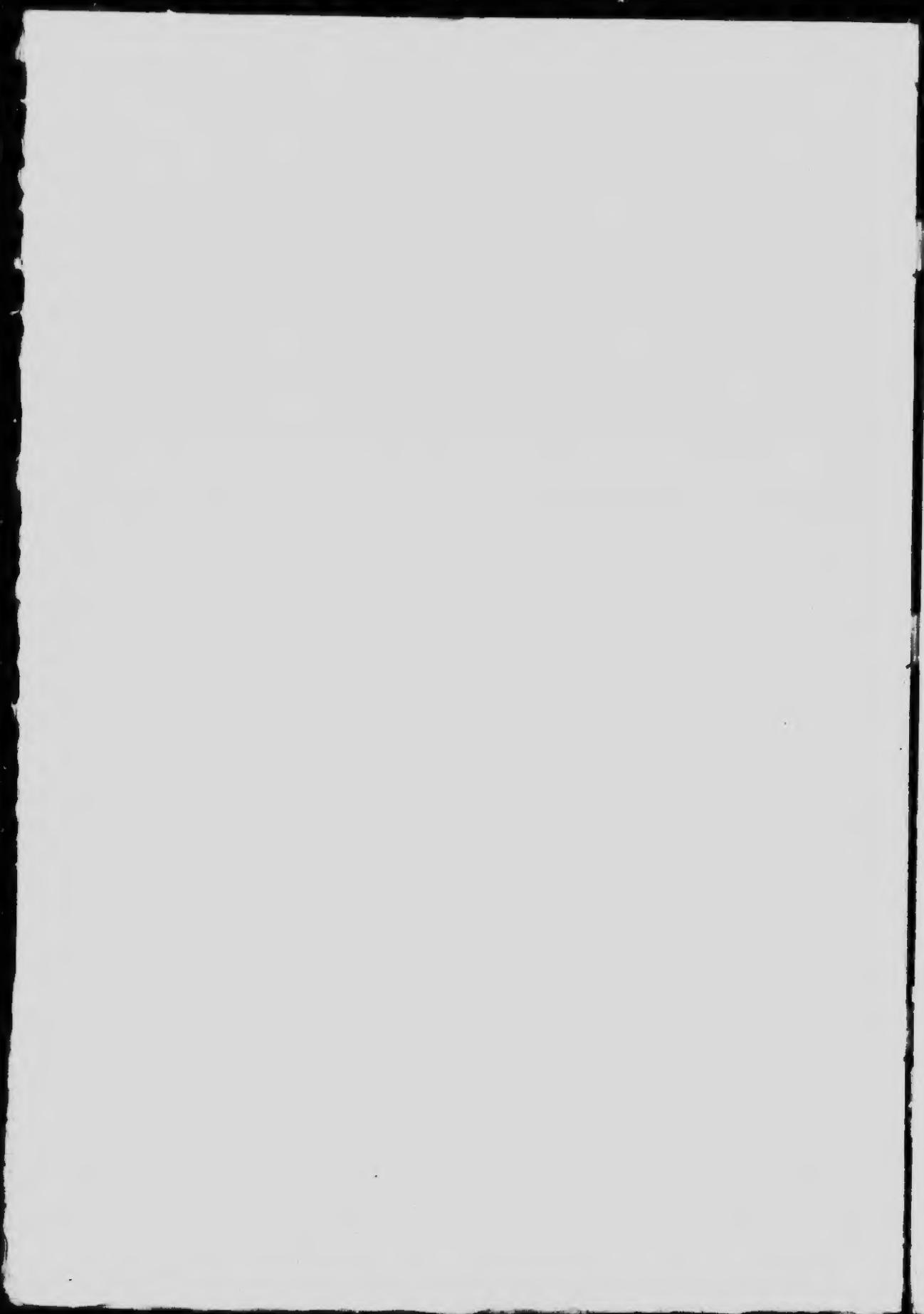
**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1996



A
PAINTER'S HOLIDAY
and Other Poems

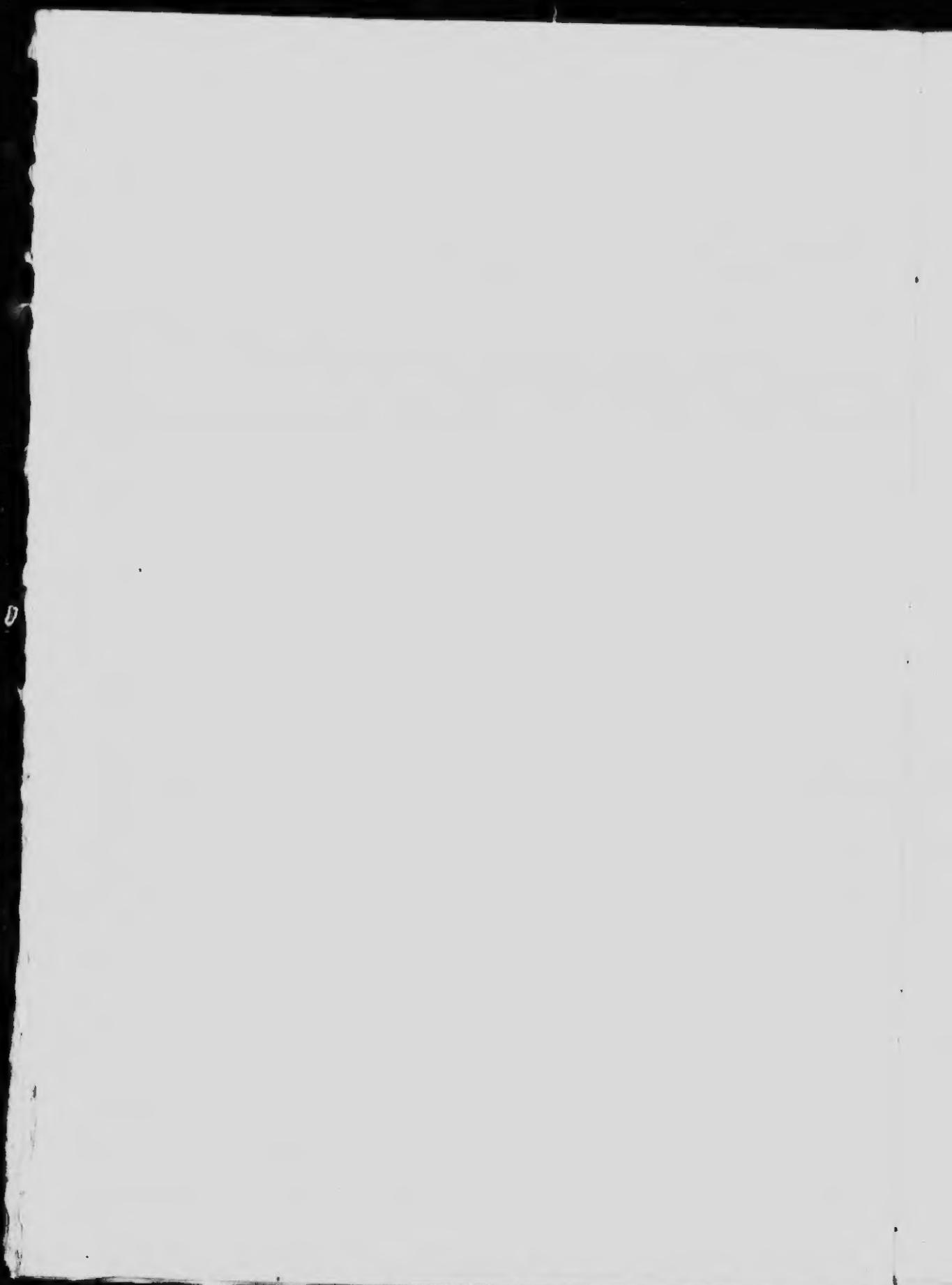
BY
BLISS CARMAN



NEW YORK
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1911

Copyright 1911 by
FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

To Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Drake
15, 16 April, 1911



CONTENTS

A PAINTER'S HOLIDAY	7
ON THE PLAZA	11
MIRAGE	14
A CHRISTMAS STRANGER	22
THE MIRACLE	32



A PAINTER'S HOLIDAY

ME painters sometime
strangely keep
These holidays. When life
runs deep
And broad and strong
it comes to make
Its own bright-colored almanack.
Impulse and incident divine
Must find their way through tone and line;
The throb of color and the dream
Of beauty, giving art its theme
From dear life's daily miracle,
Illume the artist's life as well.

A bird-note, or a turning leaf,
The first white fall of snow, a brief
Wild song from the Anthology,
A smile, or a girl's kindling eye,—
And there is worth enough for him
To make the page of history dim.

Who knows upon what day may come
The touch of that delirium
Which lifts plain life to the divine,
And teaches hand the magic line
No cunning rule could ever reach,
Where Soul's necessities find speech?
None knows how rapture may arrive
To be our helper and survive
Through our essay, to help in turn
All starving eager souls who yearn
Lightward discouraged and distraught.
Ah, once art's gleam of glory caught
And treasured in the heart, how then
We walk enchanted among men,
And with the elder gods confer!
So art is hope's interpreter,
And with devotion must conspire
To fan the eternal altar fire.

Wherfore you find me here to-day,
Not idling the good hours away,
But picturing a magic hour
With its replenishment of power.

Conceive a bleak December day,
The streets all mire, the sky all grey,

And a poor painter trudging home
Disconsolate, when what should come
Across his vision, but a line
On a bold-lettered play-house sign,
A PERSIAN SUN DANCE.

In he turns.

A step, and there the desert burns
Purple and splendid; molten gold
The streamers of the dawn unfold,
Amber and amethyst uphurled
Above the far rim of the world;
The long-held sound of temple bells
Over the hot sand steals and swells;
A lazy torn-torn throbs and drones
In barbarous maddening monotones;
While sandal incense blue and keen
Hangs in the air. And then the scene
Wakes, and out steps, by rhythm released,
The sorcery of all the East,
In rose and saffron gossamer,—
A young light-hearted worshipper
Who dances up the Sun. She moves
Like waking woodland flower that loves
To greet the day. Her lithc brown curve
Is like a sapling's sway and swerve

Before the spring wind. Her dark hair,
Framing a face vivid and rare,
Curled to her throat and then flew wild,
Like shadows round a radiant child.
The sunlight from her cymbals played
About her dancing knees, and made
A world of rose-lit ecstasy,
Prophetic of the day to be.

Such mystic beauty might have shown
In Sardis or in Babylon,
To bring a satrap to his doom
Or touch some lad with glory's bloom.
And now it wrought for me, with sheer
Enchantment of the dying year,
Its irresistible reprieve
From joylessness, on New Year's Eve.

ON THE PLAZA



NE August day I sat beside
A café window, open wide
To let the shower-freshened air
Blow in across the Plaza, where
In golden pomp against the dark
Green leafy background of the Park,
Saint Gaudens' hero gaunt and grim,
Rides on with Victory leading him.

The wet black asphalt seemed to hold
In every hollow pools of gold,
And clouds of gold and pink and grey
Were piled up at the end of day
Far down the cross street, where one tower
Still glistened from the drenching shower.

A weary white-haired man went by,
Cooling his forehead gratefully
After the day's great heat. A girl,
Her thin white garments in a swirl
Blown back against her breasts and knees,
Like a Winged Victory in the breeze,

Alive and modern and superb,
Crossed from the circle to the curb.

We sat there watching people pass,
Clinking the ice against the glass
And talking idly—books or art,
Or something equally apart
From the essential stress and strife
That rudely form and further life,
Glad of a respite from the heat,
When down the middle of the street
Trundling a hurdy-gurdy, gay
In spite of the dull stifling day,
Three street musicians came. The man,
With hair and beard as black as Pan,
Strolled on one side with lordly grace,
While a young girl tugged at a trace
Upon the other. And between
The shafts there walked a laughing queen,
Bright as a poppy, strong and free.
What likelier land than Italy
Breeds such abandon? Confident
And rapturous in mere living spent
Each moment to the utmost, there
With broad deep chest and kerchiefed hair

With head thrown back, bare throat, and waist
Supple, heroic, and free-laced,
Between her two companions walked
This splendid woman, chaffed and talked,
Did half the work, made all the cheer
Of that small company.

No fear
Of failure in a soul like hers,
That every moment throbs and stirs
With merry ardor, virile hope,
Brave effort, nor in all its scope
Has room for thought of discontent,
Each day its own sufficient vent
And source of happiness.

Without
A trace of bitterness or doubt
Of life's true worth, she strode at ease
Before those empty palaces,
A simple heiress of the earth
And all its joys by happy birth,
Beneficent as breeze or dew,
And fresh as though the world were new
And toil and grief were not. How rare
A personality was there!

MIRAGE

ERE hangs at last, you see,
my row
Of sketches,—all I have to show
Of one enchanted summer spent
In sweet laborious content,
At little 'Sconset by the moors,
With the sea thundering by its doors,
Its grassy streets, and gardens gay
With hollyhocks and salvia.

And here upon the easel yet,
With the last brush of paint still wet,
(Showing how inspiration toils.)
Is one where the white surf-line boils
Along the sand and the whole sea
Lifts to the sky-line just to be
The wondrous background from whose verge
Of blue on blue there should emerge
This miracle.

One day of days
I strolled the silent path that strays

Between the moorlands and the beach
From Siasconset, till you reach
Tom Nevers Head, the lone last land
That fronts the ocean, lone and grand
As when the Lord first bade it be
For a surprise and mystery.
A sailless sea, a cloudless sky,
The level lonely moors, and I
The only soul in all that vast
Of color made intense to last!
The small white sea-birds piping near;
The great soft moor-winds; and the clear
Bright sun that pales each crest to jade,
Where gulls glint fishing unafraid.
Here man the godlike might have gone
With his deep thought, on that wild dawn
When the first sun came from the sea,
Glowing and kindling the world to be,
While time began and joy had birth,—
No wilder sweeter spot on earth!

As I sat there and mused, (the : v
We painters waste our time, you say,)
On the sheer loneliness and strength
Whence life must spring, there came at length
Conviction of the helplessness

Of earth alone to ban or bless,
I saw the huge unhuman sea;
I heard the drear monotony
Of the waves beating on the shore
With heedless futile strife and roar,
Without a meaning or an aim.
And then a revelation came,
In subtle sudden lovely guise,
Like one of those soft mysteries
Of Indian jugglers, who evoke
A flower for you out of smoke.
I knew sheer beauty without soul
Could never be perfection's goal,
Nor satisfy the seeking mind
With all it longs for and must find
One day. The lovely things that haunt
Our senses with an aching want,
And move our souls, are like the fair
Lost garments of a soul somewhere.
Nature is naught, if not the veil
Of some great good that must prevail
And break in joy, as woods of spring
Break into song and blossoming.

But what makes that great goodness start
Within ourselves? When leaps the heart

With gladness, only then we know
Why lovely Nature travails so,—
Why art must persevere and pray
In her incomparable way.
In all the world the only worth
Is human happiness; its dearth
The darkest ill. Let joyance be,
And there is God's sufficiency,—
Such joy as only can abound
When the heart's comrade has been found.

That was my thought. And then the sea
Broke in upon my revery
With clamorous beauty,—the superb
Eternal noun that takes no verb
But love. The heaven of dove-like blue
Bent o'er the azure, round and true
As magic sphere of crystal glass,
Where faith sees plain the pageant pass
Of things unseen. So I beheld
The sheer sky-arches domed and belled,
As if the sea were the very floor
Of heaven where walked the gods of yore
In Plato's imagery, and I
Uplifted saw their pomps go by.

The House of space and time grew tense
As if with rapture's imminence,
When truth should be at last made clear,
And the great worth of life appear;
While I, a worshipper at the shrine,
For very longing grew divine,
Borne upward on earth's ecstasy,
And welcomed by the boundless sky.
A mighty prescience seemed to brood
Over that tenuous solitude
Yearning for form, till it became,
Vivid as dream and live as flame,
Through magic art could never match,
The vision I have tried to catch,—
All earth's delight and meaning grown
A lyric presence loved and known.

How otherwise could time evolve
Young courage, or the high resolve,
Or gladness to assuage and bless
The soul's austere great loneliness,
Than by providing her somehow
With sympathy of hand and brow,
And bidding her at last go free,
Companioned through eternity?

So there appeared before my eyes,
In a beloved familiar guise,
A vivid questing human face
In profile, scanning heaven for grace,
Up-gazing there against the blue
With eyes that heaven itself shone through;
The lips soft-parted, half in prayer,
Half confident of kindness there;
A brow like Plato's made for dream
In some immortal Academe,
And tender as a happy girl's;
A full dark head of clustered curls
Round as an emperor's, where meet
Repose and ardor, strong and sweet,
Distilling from a mind unmarred
The glory of her rapt regard.

So eager Mary might have stood,
In love's adoring attitude,
And looked into the angel's eyes
With faith and fearlessness, all wise
In soul's unfaltering innocence,
Sure in her woman's supersense
Of things only the humble know.
My vision looks forever so.

In other years when men shall say,
"What was the painter's meaning, pray?
Why all this vast of sea and space,
Just to enframe a woman's face?"
Here is the pertinent reply,
"What better use for earth and sky?"

The great archangel passed that way
Illuming life with mystic ray.
Not Lippo's self nor Raphael
Had lovelier realer things to tell
Than I, beholding far away
How all the melting rose and gray
Upon the purple sea-line leaned
About that head that intervened.

How real was she? Ah, my friend,
In art the fact and fancy blend
Past telling. All the painter's task
Is with the glory. Need we ask
The tulips breaking through the mould
To their untarnished age of gold,
Whence their ideals were derived
That have so gloriously survived?
Flowers and painters both must give
The hint they have received, to live.—

Spend without stint the joy and power
That lurk in each propitious hour,—
Yet leave the why untold—God's way.

My sketch is all I have to say.

THE CHRISTMAS STRANGER



OU wonder how I ever drew
That "Galilean Workman"—who
The model could have been
to give

My work the charm that makes it live,
That gracious yet compelling mien
So full of power and poise, that keen
Yet calm unfathomable gaze
Of one who looks upon the maze
Of human folly and still sees
More than our mere infirmities,
With lips that almost smile.

My friend,
I painted that at one year's end,
Long ago now. The swirling snow
Down from the sky, up from below,
Smothered my window with strange light
That morning in a world all white.

I came from battling with the storm
Into the studio all warm,

All welcome with its atmosphere
Of patient beauty, work and cheer;
Built up the fire; and turned once more
To seek the one thing striven for
So mightily by all our tribe,
The magic no one can describe,
The final touch and miracle
Of beauty saying, "All is well."
I had a sense of quiet peace,
Seclusion, respite and release,
At being snow-bound for a day,
With interruptions shut away.

Hardly had I begun to paint,
In that full mood of unrestraint
So typical of Christmas Eve,
When some one silently took leave
To turn the latch and enter.

There,
With his serene though wistful air,
As if too modest to assume
My need of him (although the room
Was radiant with his manliness
And quietude of proud address),

Fronting the world in all men's sight
From his uncompromising height
And bearing of sweet dignity,
He stood at pause regarding me—
A foreign model, as I thought,
Seeking employment, till I caught
The brow's repose, the eye's command,
The mouth's compassion. Then the hand
Was laid upon the bowing breast,
The Orient's way, the head depressed
To honor me; while all my heart
Went out to him, alone, apart,
And far above the mortal men
My sight had looked upon till then.

Speechless I was before him there.
And then the glorious head, the hair
A mass of wavy coppery gold,
Was lifted up. My hand took hold
Of the chair-back instinctively,
As the clear eyes were turned on me.

Then with a diction pure and fine
And statelier than yours or mine,
And in a rhythmical clear voice
I heard him saying: "Friend, rejoice!"

The time is drawing near—the hour
When love, intelligence and power
Shall be made one, as once they were
In the beginning, when the stir
Of will took thought, and for the sake
Of beauty bade the world awake.

“Is the time long, and do the years
Outwear thy patience? Are there tears
Beneath the proud triumphant strain
Of art, the struggle to attain?
Does doubt at moments blur away
The light within the lamp of clay?

“O workman, conscious of the hint
Of glory in the line and tint,
And searching for the truth, take heart;
The haunting secret of thy art
Shall be made clear, and thou shalt know
How earth was fashioned long ago—
How all the wheeling stars were made
And their appointed orbits laid,
How space was bridged and time was spanned,
And power was harnessed to command,
Till form emerged from measured space,
And rhythm was born of time—the trace

Of mind upon eternity—
And power (a tide within a sea)
Became within its ordered grooves
Not only that which lives and moves,
But that which cares and understands.

"Behold the work of thine own hands—
Is it not so therein? First springs
From vague unmarked imaginings
The sweet desire; then sudden thought
In some strange secret fire is caught
And kindled; and there stands new-born
Thy fresh ideal, dear as morn
And tender as the evening. Then
Remains the godlike task of men,
To realize that fair design
In sound, in color or in line,
Till what was dreamed of good and true
Takes on the guise of beauty too,
As faith compels and means afford.
This is thy passion and reward.

"So is the world renewed at length
In wisdom, holiness and strength;
The vision of the perfect good
Imposed upon the void and crude;

And the benign creative will
Slowly ascendant over ill,
Accomplishing the sweep and plan
Of the development of man.

"No hue upon thy palette's rim
But leads the mind's eye up to Him,
The godlike One who is to be
The Crown and Lord of destiny.
No line upon the canvas laid
But shall declare how, unafraid,
Adventuring the bold and new,
Thy spirit dared bid hope come true,
Aspiring to supreme success—
The saving power of loveliness.

"Would He who made the water wine
Deny employment such as thine
Its word of praise, and not commend
Thy art's endeavor to transcend
The here and now with something more
Than ever was accounted for
By rule and learning? Take thou heed,
And in the hour of thy soul's need,
Despair not! Only set more high
Above the day's idolatry

Thy shining mark, then wait unmoved
Until events thy faith have proved;
And the round world shall bless thy name,
Seeing at last thy only aim
Was but to feed its multitude
With truth, with beauty and with good,
The water and bread and wine of life.

"Is not thy longing and thy strife
To mold the plastic medium
To form and rhythm, endow the dumb
Material with speech, awake
The spirit in the clay, and make
The soul within the color sing
For rapture like the birds of spring?
Does not the music-master fill
The silence with desire and will,
And give to vague and wandering sound
Order, significance and bound?
And what is that but to give soul
To substance, reason and control
To formless chaos, taking part
In the illimitable art
Whose Spirit moved upon the face
Of the great waters under space,

And shed the darkness from the light,
And far from near, and depth from height,
And false from true, and good from ill,
With limits set for them to fill?

"Let glory go, care not for gain!
Thy great reward shall still remain—
The good for which thy toiling days
Were given without heed of praise,
Thy intimate and splendid thought
Made actual in beauty fraught
With joy, with passion, and with power.
Not in some far predicted hour,
But even now thy heart shall know
The wells of gladness. To bestow
On beauty all the benefit
Of being, all thy skill and wit,
Thy purpose and thy endless pains,
Is thy great task. One thing remains—
Thou knowest—one and only one,
Without which all were left undone:
Love. Hast thou freely given with all
Thy life's endeavor beyond recall
Thy love each day? For love must be
Poured out and spent ungrudgingly,

To give thy work a soul—the fire
Of understanding and desire
And loveliness—to help the end
And purpose of creation's trend.
Else were all effort vain, and thou
Wert judged and sentenced even now
By thine own heart's tribunal.

"Yea,

The difficult and ancient way
To beauty lies through urge and stress
Where knowledge walks with love. Unless
Great Love arise and take thy hand
In that unknown and doubtful land,
Not all thy cunning can avail
To read the signs and keep the trail;
Not love of self and self's employ,
But the untarnished seraph's joy
In serving others with the best
Hand can achieve or brain attest.
I charge thee in this world, above
All other things, destroy not love!
For life must spring from life, and soul
Be given sustenance of soul.
And knowing love with toil, thine eyes
This day shall see love's Paradise.

Wilt thou not also follow me?"

His smile was like the April sea,
His presence like the hills at dawn.
And then in silence he was gone.

What think you—with that mental twist,—
A madman or an optimist?
At all events there stands to-day
My "Galilean." Say your say;
But life took on a change, believe,
That memorable Christmas Eve.

THE MIRACLE

 SPEAKING of art, and how
we need
To give our lives up to succeed
Even a little; it is more

Than that, I fancy. Many pour
Their lives out freely and yet reach
No point they aim for. You may teach,
And they will learn quickly enough—
Take every hint, however gruff
Or casual, draw, study, toil
Like very diggers of the soil,
Yet never once achieve that touch
Which looks so little, means so much,
And comes but by the grace of God,
When all is said. Yes, it is odd,
How one may strive, yet miss the mark.

The incommunicable spark!
That is the only phrase that tells
The truth about the charm which dwells
In mastery, which is not bought,
Nor had by any taking thought;

A gift, inheritance, or dower,
A true possession, yet a power
To cultivate at will and use
Or not, as freely as we choose.
It matters not in having it,
Assured and adequate and fit,
Whether you're Rafael or Keats,
Beethoven with his music sheets,
Or the young lad who drew that thing
Behind the easel there. What swing,
What quiet sorcery of line,
So sure, so final, and so fine,
To win and satisfy regard!
It is so easy--and so hard.
The Word, as true as when it came
To Moses from the bush of flame!

Sometimes the gift may lie unguessed
For years, until a spring is pressed,
And a door opens in the walls
Of being, and its master calls.
That's genius. But how find the key
To that unworldly treasury;
How reach the room and light the fire
Which kindles not at our desire,

For all our effort? I know one
Instance, to show what may be done
By way of setting genius free
To prove its own divinity—
One way to startle and arouse
The sleeping angel that we house.

Love laughs at locksmiths, as we say.
You may be sure he knows the way
Into the garden of the heart
Where all the springs of greatness start—
Sorrow and pity and remorse
And many-colored joy. Of course
The story is not meant for those
Who spend a lifetime on the pose
Of living. You who paint and carve
And sing and dance and play—and starve
In art's great service every day
Will understand me when I say,
Knowledge and skill are not enough
Ever to take the place of love;
That hands and brains may strive and die
In their own dwarfed fatuity,
Unless they learn what love must know,
And follow where it bids them go.

Unless the dauntless soul take part
In all their toil, there is no art,
No life, no wizardry, no power,
Only contrivance—like a flower
Of paper, every curve and hue,
Texture and hair, exact and true,
But lifeless. Did God ever lay
Color and shape upon the clay,
And not bestow the soul as well?
Is there an atom or a cell
Unvibrant in the universe?
Is beauty impotent or worse?
How came the substance and the plan
Into accord to make up man?
Was there no energy, no will,
No joy to throb, no love to thrill?

You say the world was made from naught
But plastic matter and pure thought.
I cannot think so. You supply
The What and How, I ask the Why.
There must have been desire, control,
And gladness,—attributes of soul.
There must be caring where there's mind;
There must be both at once behind

All beauty. That's the mystery,
Yet reason, in this world for me.
And that is why all art must fail
That has no love,—all life grow stale
And ineffectual and old,
Why hope goes out, why faith turns cold,
Why joy expires and strength is wrecked,
And evil walks the world unchecked.
Like fools we cast out love, then crave
The happy radiance he gave.

To put the heart into the work,
Is the one law we may not shirk
Nor alter, standing near to Him
Who framed the stars and bade them swim,
Who set the music of the sea
To sound his rhythm continually,
Whose painting of the sunrise glows
With tints of daffodil and rose
Along the silent dark, and thrills
The blue-green-purple of the hills,
Whose word called chaos up to norm,
And gave it motion, rhythm and form,
Beauty and purpose and design.

The soul in colour and in line

Convinces me, who daily use
Experience of tones and hues,
(As it must you who know the trick
Of Music's great arithmetic)
There is a mind which lurks below
These pomps of Nature which we know,
Nor a mind merely, but a heart
Which beats its loving into art.
I bow to the eternal Skill,
The great Artificer, whose will
Sustains the world. All you who make
Experiment for beauty's sake,
With shape, with colour, or with sound,
Confess if you have ever found
The hidden magic which must give
Your work the touch to make it live,
In anything but love! Ah, there
The secrets of divine despair
Reside, the triumph and the dream,
The fairy call, the silver gleam,
The joy, the sorrow and the hope,
The plan, the splendor, and the scope,
Which soul must capture and impart,
To lend her new-created art
Its ravishment,—and man may share
In God's serene employment there.

I charge you in his name, fling down
Your paints and brushes, and discrown
Your Victory, unless your soul
Has felt what love is,—as a coal
Revives and kindles in the breath
Which gives it life instead of death,
Or as a leaf caught up and swirled
Before a wind across the world,
That pure great wind which sweeps away
Sorrow, perplexity, dismay,
And leaves its deathless trace behind
In the enchantment of the mind.

But if your spirit once has known
A welling rapture of its own,
A wildness or an ecstasy
Which gave it power, and set it free,
And made this doubtful life appear
Lovely, beneficent, and clear,
Then only can you comprehend
The source, the meaning, and the trend
Of wonder in this world of ours,
And reach to God with all your powers
Through art's august simplicity,
In the one way which still is three.

If ever once there came to you
The vision that makes all things new,
The glory that makes all things good,
Then have you seen and understood
How fair the truth is. Not till then
Have you the touch to solace men.

But, for my instance: On our floor
A German singing-master's door
Was next to mine, when studios
Could hardly smother ah's and oh's,
As they do now. Besides, in spring
We used to let our transoms swing.
Unbent but grayish, somewhat old
Behind his spectacles of gold,
And rather worn the man was now,
With the unvanquished smile and brow
Which come to artists having viv s,
Yet loving beauty all their lives.

Among his pupils there was one,
With pretty wavy hair like spun
Fine yellow gold, who came to sing—
A well-made, well-kept little thing,
With her tan gloves and long tan coat,
Soft tie and collar at her throat,

And music-roll in hand,—the kind
To keep that poise and peace of mind
Where safety and contentment dwell.
It seems she had a heart as well.

She was his marvel and despair.
She had so confident an air,
Such clear, full, faultless certainty
Of power and ease, one wondered why
That ringing glorious voice of gold,
For all its splendor, left one cold;
And why she never had acquired
The shivering rapture he desired.
Talking of her, he used to say,
"Ah, well, perhaps some day—some day!"

NOW, ENTER MEPHISTOPHELES,
BRINGER OF KNOWLEDGE, if you please.

I used to leave my door swung wide
To glimpse her passing, eager-eyed.
One day in April she appeared,
As lovely as the sky just cleared,
And fresh as jonquils. One could tell
By nod and footstep all was well

In her bright world, with golden spring
In town. Then she began to sing;
Softly at first; and then more strong,
Where the notes vibrate and prolong;
And then, as if she had forgot
All fear, and earth and time were not,
In one great lyric ecstasy
Daring and passionate and free,
Opening her throat against the tune,
Sang like a thrush in early June.

I never heard such rapture. All
Of love was in its dying fall,
The faith, the triumph, and the pride,
For which the world has lived and died
These countless years; the joyous fire,
Courage, magnificence, desire,
Pity, unfathomable grief,
And pain and sadness, and relief.
All this enchantment warm and wild,
Out of the heart of one mere child!

I put my brush aside and stopped
My painting, while the music dropped
Into the silence word by word,
As softly as a throbbing bird

Drops to the waiting nest, content
That all its rapture should be spent.
I drew a breath. "At last!" I cried,
"At last her Heaven has been desried!"

She always left at four; and so,
When presently I heard her go,
I sat down in my window seat
To follow Jonquils down the street,
As usual. When, standing there
I saw a handsome lad, whose air
Told plainly he was glad to wait
For someone. I considered Fate
Was much too good to him. Why blame?
When I was young I did the same.

And then I saw Miss Jonquils trip
Across the way to him, and slip
Her gloved, confiding, little hand
Under his grey-tweed arm, and stand
Nestling it there a minute, lost
In plans, no doubt, before they crossed
The Avenue and disappeared.
They were my drama. If I feared
How it might end, I called it YOUTH,
Or DREAMS OF ECSTASY AND TRUTH.

No doubt they had another name
To call it by. 'Tis all the same.
I loved them both. I turned away,
And there was no more work that day.
Well, who could work upon the Feast
Of Vernal Joy? Not I, at least.

Leaving my room, with one day more
Dropped out of time, I heard the door
Of the old teacher's studio
Clatter; and he came out to go
His cheerless pensive way uptown.
I offered him, as we went down
The steps together, (he, so good
And fine in his old fortitude!)
Congratulations on the way
His favorite had sung that day.
He smiled his slow, sweet smile: "MEIN GOTTL
Dot vas a miracle, hei? Vhat?"
I told him I believed so too.

With reservations, so I do.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES OF THIS BOOK
ON FRENCH HAND-MADE PAPER PRIVATELY
PRINTED BY FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

